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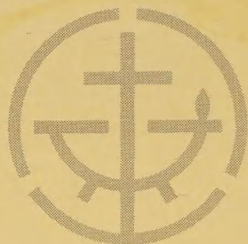


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# The New Evangelism

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# The New Evangelism

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# THE NEW EVANGELISM

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## CHAPTER I

### THE PERSONAL TOUCH

THIS is one of the critical hours in the history of the kingdom. The prophet of smallest vision can make unmistakable discovery. Infidelity is dead. Its "ism" children are orphans in a cold and unwelcome world. They are shivering and starving and sighing for shelter and sustenance. Agnosticism and skepticism and atheism and their kindred are almost lost words in our vocabulary; their lifelessness has been recognized, and their boldness has been lost. Even criticism of whatever degree has ceased to frighten the saints or rejoice the sinner. There is a great undercurrent of faith in the stream of human life to-day. This makes for progress in the kingdom of God, this reveals new and startling possibilities and responsibilities for the lovers of humanity and the followers of Christ. There is a striking certainty of return to the fundamentals of the gospel in teaching and in practice. These are eternally wedded

and beyond the possibility of divorce. The Christ's words and the Christ's life are forever inseparable.

If there is any new emphasis placed upon his message, there is also at this hour new emphasis to be placed upon his method. To reveal that method and its relation to the present day is the purpose of this book. The new evangelism is the old and most effective way of bringing men to Christ. It is heart contact, it is personal touch, it is the individual relation, it is Andrew after Peter and Philip after Nathanael and Christ after Nicodemus. The introduction of this element into the work of the church is beginning now to mark a new era in the triumph of Christianity. It may be, and it is a well-founded conviction that it will be, the period of greatest saving power in the whole history of redemptive work in the earth. Every Christian engaged in personal work to save others is the divine ideal and is the human factor with most power in it. Men are beginning now to realize this great truth and bringing it to bear upon the heart of the Christian world.

The possibilities of personal work are startling. If there was only one Christian in the world and he worked for a year and won a friend to Christ and those two continued to win each year another, and every man then brought into the kingdom yet another every year, in thirty-two years every person in the world would be won to Christ. This belongs to the higher mathematics and Christian men are

learning both figures and fidelity. When the armature spins with the speed of the lightning in close proximity to the magnetic field, the mechanical power—water or steam—is converted into the new force of electricity. If the mechanism works perfectly and the power works sufficiently, there may yet be only wasted energy. The conductors may still be dead wires. The generation of power into usefulness depends upon the point of contact. Cars will not run and streets will not be lighted and bells will not ring and messages will not be carried if this is defective. This scientific discovery which has revolutionized the activities and comforts of the civilized world has revealed that which is essential to the regeneration of the sin-stricken world.

The church machinery has almost reached the mark of perfection. The buildings, the organizations, and the equipment of every kind are wonderful in their completeness. The power is unlimited. The very heavens and the earth are filled with this divine force; the atmosphere is charged with spiritual electricity and yet the dark world is not lighted and the messages of heaven are stopped and the bells of joy are silent. The defect has been in the point of contact; the individual man has been separated from his fellow-man. The element of personality has not received its proper emphasis. The heart and hand touch have been largely neglected. The simplest truth concerning the greatest force in the

material world should not be forgotten in its parallel relation to power in the spiritual world.

This personal and individual element has not been lessened but rather increased in modern commercial life. The business of the world cannot be transacted by machinery; neither invention nor combination can destroy the necessity of this supreme factor. One demand is heard above all the roar and rush of this money-making age—it is the demand for personal power: at the head of corporations, at the head of departments, at the head of office and factory and everywhere. All branches of business must be represented by men who make their sales and bring them in contact with all points of the world. Telegraph lines and mail trains are not sufficient. The children of the world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light; but the children of light are now making one of the most important discoveries and are coming into the recognition of one of the greatest duties and are reaching out to grasp one of the most golden opportunities.

The members of the countless secular clubs and lodges and organizations have not been blind to the effectiveness of personal work in the increase of membership and interest. If some of these men would thrust the same amount of force into the work of their church and the saving of the lost they would astonish themselves and others with

the result. If they would wear the badge of Christ in their buttonhole and "buttonhole" their fellow-men with that same determination and conviction and blood-earnestness, regeneration would be as frequent as initiation, and there would be as many men in the churches as in the lodges. There are members of the churches and officials in the churches who speak to scores of other men about the lodge or club and who never speak to one of them about the church of Christ and the soul's salvation. The Spirit of God is waiting for the same element to be introduced into the work of the church. Why not talk to men about Christ instead of a club—about life instead of a lodge?

It has been a late day for the learning of this lesson in the work of charity and benevolence and social betterment, but now the truth is gripping the souls of men engaged in this kind of service. Money alone is without value and temporary charity may be an injury. Education at a distance is ineffective. Social settlements and their kind have revealed both the truth and the power of heart contact. The man must touch his fellow-man if he would lift him up. There is no long distance leverage, it is only the arm's length, and a bend in the arm is better.

In the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, the following touching incident is given: He called at the island of Molokai during the South Sea cruises,

and visited the leper settlement associated with the name of Father Damien. Here he played croquet with the leper children, whose pitiful lot, so blithely borne, deeply touched his heart. "They had a croquet set," he said, "and it was my single useful employment during my stay at the lazaretto to help them with that game." The mother in charge advised him to wear gloves while he played with them. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition. Christian workers who are scrupulously careful to put on the gloves of self-protection may thereby miss the finest influence they fain would win. The suffering world wants the grasp of the hand, and not the touch of the glove, however dainty.

If the church of Christ is last in making the discovery of this great secret it should not be the least in using it. This is the hour of discovery. God grant that it may be the hour of loyalty. Prayer for the power of God and manifestations of grace may be a mockery. Prayer for the divine favor may be hypocrisy, if we do not utilize the force in us and perform the duty next to us. Leave your knees and utter your holiest prayer in the words which you speak unto the soul nearest to you. Tarry not for evangelist or revival or special season. Touch the heart of the man who stands by you or lives with you and make the contact for the communication of God's power. This

is the divine programme for Christian life; this is to be the characteristic of the coming age. The great sin of this day, within the church and outside of it, must be met with its opposite. The world is making the charge against the church and we are making the same charge against the world, and both alike are guilty. The charge is "indifference." The guilt is evident. The outside world is not bitterly antagonistic to the church, if opposed at all; it is simply indifferent.

"Christianity is a good thing," says almost every man, "but claims no allegiance or even attention from me." He is absolutely indifferent to the claims of the Cross, and in that spirit is rejection as sinful as opposition. In that indifference, which is the essential characteristic of our day, is the gravest difficulty in evangelizing the world. It may be harder to counteract and overcome than infidelity itself. But this is also the most prevalent defect within the church itself. Its life is charged with the poison of indifference. The larger part of the membership is helpless and useless, if not a hindrance; careless about the salvation of others, and Christianity only an insurance policy for themselves. Here is the greatest opportunity for the criticism of the church, and it is being grasped by vigorous pens and tongues as well. "By their fruits ye shall know them" must ever be the test, and the men of the world know how to apply it.



This has recently been the field of the critic, and arguments have been few against him. Now the clock is ticking off the morning hour in the history of the kingdom of God, and the church is awaking to behold the dawning of a new day of greater activity and most triumphant victory. A manufactured revival for one week in a year has been unsatisfactory, and in most instances a signal failure. Evangelists are sent of God, and we shall still have revivals, but the pre-eminently successful work in saving men will now be the personal work and the continuous work, every Christian every day praying for and pleading with his fellow-men. We have dreamed about Pentecostal power, it is now time to awake with personal power.

A lady dressed in silks and satins was walking along one of the streets of Paris, when, to her horror, she dropped from her finger into the filth and slime of the gutter a valuable jewel. She stopped instantly. Under her arm she bore an elegant sunshade, with a crooked handle. Using the crook, she searched the gutter for her jewel. It was not to be found that way. Then, to the astonishment of the crowd, she stripped from her dainty white hand her glove, rolled up above her elbow her sleeve of costly lace, and, with delicate pink fingers bared, she searched the gutter and found her jewel. That is what we must do for the jewels of eternity-marked souls—strip off form-



alism and feeling of caste or class or separation and search even the very gutters of society for the lost gem of human life and character. If all the world looks on we will reveal our wisdom and our sincerity by our unfettered anxiety and resistless determination. Some of the greatest in the kingdom of heaven are now teaching others by example instead of mere precept. Witness the Bishop of London, who surrendered his whole life to his personal relation with his fellow-man, and with the lowest of them. Thousands have died and tens of thousands are living who have felt the throb of his heart. When they elected him to the high office of bishop, they called attention to this new spirit of our age by the emphatic recognition of his manner of life and method of saving men. In his office now he must ride in a carriage, but only on one condition—that it shall not separate him from his people, and when he meets the poorest and lowest of them on the way he shall have the privilege of inviting them to ride with him. This is the spirit of Christianity, this is the saving power in the earth. This is the true representation of Christ. This is the divine touch; the increase of this spirit is the brightest sign of the times. This new and yet old evangelism is the hope of the world's evangelization.

Some writers have been asking how to save the church. We can save the church only by saving

the world. There is a direct and reflex influence in the relation of one soul to another. The blessing to one is balanced by a like blessing to another, whenever an Andrew finds a Peter and brings him to Jesus. Other attractions to draw people to church and even the most eloquent preaching may not save, but these heartstrings are the great drawing and holding and saving force. Out of many experiences bringing emphasis to this great truth I draw one very vivid, because so recent. These last days have each one been a nail to fasten the conviction. After a most careful and prayerful preparation for evangelistic services and every night a church crowded, the visible results have been most discouraging, with this startling and instructive exception. I made out a list of men—business men—professional men—and workmen, to whom I should go during these days and speak personally concerning their souls' salvation. I went into their offices, stores, factories, and homes. Out of this number every man received me and my mission with astonishing welcome. Out of this number the majority have been hopefully converted and a part of them were soon waiting to confess Christ as their Saviour and become members of the church. I called upon two eminent physicians and made my business known in the most business-like way. Both of them talked as freely and frankly with me about religion as they would about

medicine. One of them said: "I am glad you have come because I have been waiting for you or some man like you to lead me into the light. I have been honestly searching for the truth and was never so anxious to find it as at this moment. I have been skeptical but I am changing and I want some one to show me the way to Christ and salvation." I never saw such an open heart nor such an honest seeker. He found peace and pardon and, with his own son, to whom I talked afterward and led to Christ, he wished to be baptized into the membership of the church. He had heard me preach occasionally for years, but I was too far away. Alone in that private office was the place of power.

I found the superintendent of thousands of men a blasphemer and hardened in sin. I talked with him about his relation to God and about life and death, and saw the penitent under conviction as if struck by some material force and then upon his knees by my side bowed to the foot of the Cross and the great burden rolled away. He is now a new creature in Christ Jesus, clean of lip and pure in heart and noble in life. I had known him at a distance for years but the contact was missing until I brought this personal element into the relation.

One of our great American preachers relates the incident of his preaching in the pulpit of the famous Scotch minister, McCheyne. He inquired

for some man who knew him personally and met with no response. All had died or moved away since his day. At last in the doorway of the church he met an old Scotchman, bent beneath the pressure of ninety years, who said he had heard McCheyne preach. He was asked to tell what the text was and could not. He was then asked to tell something about the sermon and he could not. He was then asked to tell the peculiarities of his pulpit manner and he could not. "But," he said, "there is one thing I can tell you. I will never forget when I was a mere lad by the roadside one day, McCheyne came by. He stopped by me, came over to the side of the fence where I stood and said: 'Jamie, I am going to see your sick sister. I am afraid she is not going to live.' Then he put his hand on my head and said, as the tears ran down his face, 'Jamie, lad, I am concerned about your soul; I want you to give your heart to Christ; I must have you saved.' " Said the old Scotchman, "I have forgotten everything else about McCheyne, but I can feel those fingers on my head yet." That trembling hand may have been the most eloquent gesture the great Scotch preacher ever made in his ministry. The boy is at the roadside to-day, and immortal souls are everywhere waiting for this human, yet divine touch.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MINISTER'S DUTY

THERE never was a better ministry in the world than there is to-day. There never was greater intellectual power in the pulpit. There never was deeper consecration in life. Our colleges and our seminaries are our glory, and they have equipped the churches with a magnificently educated ministry. The pulpit has not lost its power, but it has changed its environment. There have been commercial and social changes around the church, and there is a great avalanche of literature, weekday and Sunday, which has almost barricaded the church doors. These are not the Puritan days, and the parson does not stand in the same relation to society as he did then. He carried even a temporal power then, and was looked up to in all matters of justice and the interests of society. He can guide and comfort now, but he can no longer command. He is admired and respected, but he is living in a vastly different world. It has not taken more than a half-century to mark some marvelous changes. The world can never get along without him, but the question is the point

of emphasis in his duty and the greater sphere for his usefulness. Preaching there must be and there always will be, but it should be supplemented in this day by another element of power. The fact to be faced with open vision and courageous soul is that the minister cannot reach the majority of the people through the pulpit, even though that were sufficient to do so, because they are not in the churches and many of them are never there. A vast number cannot attend the Sabbath services if they would. Demands of modern civilization shut thousands out of the church, carelessness and disregard keep another host away from the public worship on the Sabbath. They will not even come to the most widely advertised evangelistic services. This temporary drawing power has lost its grip to-day, and even evangelists have discovered that they were only preaching to Christians and have resorted to giving spiritual education. Some men of this class and of world reputation have hidden in recent years in this other kind of service and have made only feeble attempts, if any, at reaching the unsaved. Most men have lost their heroism and are sometimes even afraid to give out an invitation for fear of almost certain failure. Most pastors say there is no use in attempting to hold an after-meeting because they have no unconverted to reach. We must face this unquestioned condition, and then use another imperative just as wise

and just as holy; we must go to them if they do not come to us. That seems to be inevitable, that will be the solution. This is the divine test of the minister's ordination. He only has had holy hands laid upon him, who lays holy hands upon other men. The mark of the minister ought not to be the clothes he wears, but rather his attitude toward his fellow-men.

I laid my hand upon the shoulder of a noble specimen of young manhood and asked him if he was a Christian. I had not seen him to know him or to separate him from the crowd before that moment. He replied, with an evident desire to detain me, "No, sir, I have heard you preach every Sunday for seven years without one exception, but I am not a Christian yet." He is now one of the most faithful members of the church of Christ. What seven years of preaching had failed to do, five minutes of heart-contact and personal relation accomplished. Not every preacher can be eloquent, but here is the place of power for every man. He can be kind and loving and sympathetic and earnest and courageous and self-sacrificing and watching for the right moment to speak the right word in the name of Christ. This can be true of him: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." I believe in the deeps of my soul that if every minister of Christ would do this personal service and

drive as much blood into it as he does into his sermons, the gates into the kingdom would be thronged with those coming to Christ. This is the one essential and for this the Spirit of God is waiting. This is the hour for love instead of logic, life instead of literature, rescue instead of rhetoric, salvation instead of syllogism, personality instead of peroration, power instead of period, and individuality instead of introduction. This is the hour for heart as well as head. We are reminded that Peter preached one sermon under which three thousand were converted, but no man has yet told us how many of that number were talked to personally before and after. Perhaps the one hundred and twenty or more had been doing personal work all that week in Jerusalem. It is the personal element that Christ and his apostles emphasized and exemplified in all their ministry. More ministers are weak in this respect than in any other feature of their work. Some of the ablest men in the pulpit are absolutely helpless when face to face with the individual. They can preach to ten thousand, but they cannot talk to one. One of the most wonderful men I ever knew in the gospel ministry, a veritable giant, was weak in this respect to the point even of cowardice. When associates were laboring until the midnight hour to save others within the walls of his own church, he was missing, and at last was found alone in the dark in another



room, hiding away for very fear, because he said that was something he positively could not do. The last man on earth who ought to say that is the minister of Jesus Christ. He ought to be so earnest and honest and sincere that the personal work with souls would be as natural as his breathing. It should be his very life. This defect is a sufficient, if not the greatest, proof of his incompetency for his sacred profession. It is a grave question whether it should be named a weakness. The hand of God may stamp it in capital letters "SIN." If the conscientious minister would always listen to the voice of the Spirit, many times he would drop his pen and hasten on the holiest mission of life.

One of the kings of the pulpit learned the greatest lesson ever taught him, he says, in the struggle with conscience one memorable Saturday night. Something told him he should go and see a certain man. What was that something? Whence came those whisperings? Where did that voice originate? But the other voice was also heard declaring that there were so many things against his obedience. He couldn't give any good reason for his going, if he did go. They would think him insane to come at that hour of the night, and through that storm; besides this, the Sunday was at hand, and the sermon was not ready, and at all hazards that most important thing in his life

must not be neglected. The battle raged between desire and conviction, but the sermon was not progressing under these opposing circumstances. It came to be the hour of ten o'clock and was now too late, but the mysterious voice rose above a whisper, it sounded into his soul almost like tones of thunder; it would not be silenced. The family would be asleep, he reasoned. More than that, his own wife was ill and should be cared for first. At last came the critical moment—the bowed head—the holy prayer—the decision. Out in the night and the storm and the distance he went. There was a light in the home as he approached. The bell was answered by the man's wife, and her face beamed with joy at the minister's presence. Her husband had been under conviction and that evening had talked with her and now was in their room sleepless and in an agony for the light, and that very night the light dawned upon his soul. Under the personal touch of this man of God he was wonderfully saved, but the minister was saved also to a different life and a diviner service.

Another man, whose name is known throughout all the religious world, a man of international fame, fixes upon a certain night in his ministry as the pivot upon which his whole life turned. Even his theology was changed from that eventful hour. He had always preached great intellectual sermons. He delighted in the study of philosophy and social

science. His periods were his pride. His church was crowded and his praises were upon all lips, but his ministry was devoid of the personal element and his teaching even devoid in most part of the saving element. He had almost lost his grip on the atonement, and the great fundamentals and necessities of the gospel. One Sunday night, with a feeling of satisfaction and pride in the accomplishment of a good day, he came down the steps of the church after all the congregation had departed and to his astonishment a little girl—a waif in rags—seized him by the coat and said:

“I want you to help me get her in!”

“What do you mean? he asked. “Who do you mean?”

“Why, sir, my mother; I want you to help me get her in.”

“Yes, but where is she; out on the street; have you no home; is she hurt?”

“No, no; she is home, but she is dying and I want you to help me get her into heaven.”

He inquired where she lived and found it to be in an alley in a distant part of the city. He was puzzled and almost dazed, yes, almost paralyzed. He had never been asked to do such a thing as this. He was helpless. What should he do? But a heart of stone could not refuse the pleadings of such a child on such an errand and he must go at all hazards, but what to say and what to do was

the greatest problem he had ever faced. In a single room in a hovel on a shallow bed of straw he found the dying woman. He tried to talk to her about God and heaven and her eyes did not open; she appeared listless or too near death to hear him. He stumbled in his efforts and repeated Bible verses, but no notice was taken of it apparently by the dying woman. At last, as a final resort, he told her about the cross and the dying Saviour and his love for her and desire to save her. Her eyes opened, her lips moved, and he heard her whisper her penitence and ask Christ to forgive her and then saw her spirit take its flight to God. He said, "I think we got her in that night, but I know my whole life was changed, my whole conception of the ministry was changed, my theology was changed, but most of all my heart's relation to my fellow-men was changed."

If the ministers of Jesus Christ would recognize this supreme duty the problem of evangelism would be solved and the world would be turned toward the church instead of away from it. The sublimest element in the ministry is when one heart speaks to another.

## CHAPTER III

### THE CHURCH OFFICIAL'S FIRST BUSINESS

MOST of the men in official position in our churches are men who hold their positions from a moral standpoint most worthily. The exception is so marked that the world makes the most of it at the least provocation. The office-bearers are not only exceptional men in honesty and sincerity and nobility, but also for their faithful and conscientious performance of the duties which are ordinarily supposed to devolve upon them. The greatest of all responsibilities has never been sufficiently emphasized, and therefore is so frequently neglected. They are careful concerning the finances and temporalities of the church, and have a Christian sympathy for the poor, and are anxious about the spiritual welfare of the church-membership, but they have never realized their personal obligation to the unsaved, nor grasped life's greatest opportunity in the service of God. Most of their work is done in a mechanical, perfunctory, committee-shackled manner. "A committee of two with one sick is the best committee" is an old truth with increasing force and application.

The church official who is personally responsible even for the secondary duties of his office is rather the exception than the rule. This is one of the educational factors for the increase in neglect of personal work for the salvation of the lost. He has not come into the privilege or the power of his office; he has not recognized the personal element in it and the supreme service. These trustees and deacons and elders and others are pre-eminently the men to influence by individual effort the men of the world to enter the kingdom of Christ. There is no greater force now within the life of the church to reach this great mass outside of the church. It is a grave question whether there is any other force to reach many of them. These known and prominent followers of Christ are the men whose personal appeal will work the miraculous. They are living farthest from their privilege and not in right relation to the church or to Christ, if they are not individually working to save their associates and employees and relatives and friends and church-attendants for whom Christ died. The faintest share in the agony of Gethsemane would make any one of these office-holders grasp the hand and touch the heart of their brother man everywhere and lead him into the light. This is the most persuasive, compelling power that can be brought to bear upon business men and workingmen and professional men and all men to-day. When all other

effort fails, these men, respected in the church and in the world, still can accomplish the task by an earnest word carrying the heart's blood on its holy mission. There is not one church official in ten who has ever made this a part of his business, and in the purpose of God it is the supreme part of his official business. A well-known minister told a certain deacon that within a certain radius of his pew there were twenty-five men who were frequent worshipers in the church, and some of them regular in attendance, but not one of them was yet a professed Christian. "How many of these," he said, "have you spoken to about their eternal welfare?" With bowed head and guilty conscience he acknowledged the great sin of having never spoken to one of them personally about Christ. This is not an exception; it is the dark blot upon every church. The office must be exalted by this unquestioned and unequalled influence, and by an individual interest in and work for the souls of men.

One of the noblest ministers, and among the highest of God's chosen, called his official Board to a meeting in his room and there revealed the secrets of his heart concerning the great lack of personal effort to save the lost, and how few were entering the fold of the church. There were fifteen men present—bankers and business men and professional men of high standing. Every head had

in it silver threads, while many of them had grown old in the service of the church. He told them of his conviction that the whole secret of the failure was in their not doing their duty and giving bright examples for all the church-membership in going personally to the unsaved and talking to them about their peril. He asked them how many of those present were conscious of ever having led a soul to the Cross. Only two out of the fifteen even thought they had. Conscience was aroused and tears emphasized the deep conviction. One of them, a banker, had four sons at home grown to young manhood; not once had he spoken to them personally about their salvation. In silence he left the room. He hastened home, and before morning dawned he had taken each of them alone and told them of his deep interest in their souls. The next communion Sabbath all four of these sons stood up in their father's church and made confession of Christ, and were received into the membership of the church.

The morning after this eventful night in his life this man went to his office in the bank of which he was president. The first man who came to see him was not a Christian man. He closed the door and said: "I have something to talk to you about. I am glad we are here alone. Do you know that I have been a Christian ever since we have known each other?"



The man stood dazed before him, but replied: "Yes."

"Do you know that I am now an elder in the Presbyterian church?"

Still more surprised, he replied again: "Yes."

"Haven't you thought it strange that I never spoke to you about your relation to Christ?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, "and I have been in your bank a hundred times and not only wondered why you didn't say it, but waited for you to do so."

In that banker's room that morning another soul was given to Christ, and became one of the brightest of all his jewels. So the wonderful saving work went on through the channel of one man's heart as he learned the divine art of reaching the unsaved.

Another friend of mine, whom God has signally honored in his ministry, told his people of their sacred obligation to the lost and how the world was only waiting for this personal touch of the church, that no official in his church was worthy of his high office who did not do this individual service for the Master. One of his wealthiest men, who was owner of a large factory, was very deeply affected by this statement of truth, and in penitence for his neglect made the holiest resolution of his life: "To-morrow morning," he said, "the first man I meet in my place of business I will speak to him about his soul, no matter who he is." The first man he saw was one of his drivers and he a

Catholic. The obstacle was too great, there could be nothing accomplished here. What should he do? Conscience said in tones of thunder: "Keep your vow." He walked right up to him to the point of a whisper and talked to him about the Saviour and his relation to Him. For fifteen minutes he made his plea, and blind eyes were opened and deaf ears unstopped to the truth, while the man came to Christ and afterwards into his employer's church.

The next man was his head bookkeeper. He said to him: "Have I not always been true to you?"

"Yes."

"Have I not always kept my agreement and been a man?"

"Yes. But what do you mean? You don't intend to discharge me now after twenty years of service. What have I done?"

"Listen," he said, "for all these years I have never spoken to you about your soul's salvation. I wish you were a Christian and I want to help you to find Christ."

Tears trickled down his cheek as he looked at his employer's face and their very hearts touched. Within a few weeks he and nine other men in that man's employ joined their employer's church. Oh, how the power of God is just waiting to use the men loyal to the church in every other way but faithless in this. This courageous, consecrated,

conscientious personal effort in store and office, in factory and street and everywhere would solve the increasing problem of how to reach the host of men outside of the kingdom of God. The church official must immediately come to the recognition and to the performance of his highest duty.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKER'S LESSON

ONE of the deepest needs in modern church work is the demand for more and better Sunday-school workers and teachers. The supreme defect is the lack of personal interest and decision and determination to save the scholar. The weakness is not so much in capability as in consecration. The one definite aim and paramount purpose is so frequently lost or relegated to a secondary place. The evangelistic spirit ought to control the life of the Sunday-school. It is educational, but it is the great modern evangelistic agency. The opportunity given every teacher is at once startling and transient. The neglect to use it is almost at the unpardonable point. No one can so easily win souls for Christ as the faithful, loving teacher. The mere teaching of the lesson, be it ever so well performed or skillfully done, cannot accomplish the work. The personal element, heart contact, and individual interest are essential and almost irresistible in their power. It is a work worthy of best effort to teach others, and especially the young, the morality and history and truth of

the Bible. It is of a certain value to know these things, but if the boy could name the books of the Bible backwards, and repeat the prophecy of Eze-kiel from memory, and perform other marvels of biblical knowledge, he might still stand with his back upon the cross of Christ and be forever ignorant of its saving power. The salvation of his immortal soul is the great necessity and the teacher's personal word may be the single element to bring him in right relation to God. Some teachers not intellectually so gifted as others will lead their whole classes to Christ, and not rest until this is finished, while others in their neglect and sometimes indifference will never save any by this personal work for them. If they are ever brought to the Saviour it must be by other means and other love; but the sad fact is that thousands each year leave the Sunday-schools never to enter them again and never to be saved. Can any other service atone for this lost opportunity?

It is not necessary to be great to do the greatest work in the world. Many of the Sunday-school teachers were not famous in earth, but the hosts of heaven will be waiting to welcome them. It was only a pure heart's love that prompted that young woman in the streets of a great city to stop by the side of a ragged boy and ask him lovingly to go to Sunday-school. It was only the persistency of love that made her endure his refusal and mockery. It

was only the patience of love that induced her to repeat that request more earnestly than ever. It was only the consecration of love that at last opened her purse and gave him money to go with her. It was only the heroism of love that led her to ask for a place in which to teach her one scholar, but the personal love and personal work won his heart, and at last laid his soul a beautiful trophy at the feet of the Redeemer, for his was the wonderful life of Amos Sutton, the great missionary to India, whose self-sacrificing career was the channel through which life and light poured into heathen darkness.

It was a Sunday-school teacher who gave herself to the redemption of a boy named Robert Morrison. She picked him up as a priceless jewel out of the filth of the street. She welcomed him to her own home; she led him to her Sunday-school class, she clothed him and fed him; she loved him in all his unattractiveness; she loved him without stint and with her heart's best love for Christ's sake. She pleaded with him to give his soul into the keeping of her Saviour. His name was in her most earnest prayer and his salvation was her holiest ambition. Robert Morrison was saved by her personal work, and became the first and greatest of missionaries to China. The broad stream of his influential and sacrificial life started in the fountain-head of her pure heart. A single match is of small flame and

of little value in giving light in the dark room, but by a touch it can light every jet on the chandelier and fill the room with light. The power in the life of a single teacher is beyond all human imagination. In the grasp of the hand, in the look of the eye, in the word of the lip, in the heart's touch is the possibility of eternal salvation. There may be no opportunity in the kingdom of heaven so coveted by the angels as the Sunday-school teacher's personal power.

A bright boy recently came before the church committee and asked to be taken into the membership of the church. I said, "Harry, how and when did you find Christ as your Saviour?" He replied, "My teacher asked me to go to the park one afternoon, and we went alone. While we were walking in the park she began to talk to me about my coming to Christ, and told me how anxious she was that I should be a Christian. Right there, sir, I gave my heart to Jesus, I couldn't help it."

That is the compulsive power, that is the saving force of a personal relation. I recall one teacher for whom I did not have the greatest admiration until accidentally I found her after Sunday-school hour with four of her boys on their knees, and all of them bathed in tears and all converted to Christ.<sup>1</sup> Admiration is a lost idea in my thought of her now; it is the profoundest appreciation.

To read the biography of Helen Keller is to be

taught with unparalleled emphasis this great lesson of life. The girl escaped from the darkness and silence of her dungeon by the wisdom and sacrifice and personal relation of a noble teacher. Her spirit was imprisoned until the hand of love was laid upon the doors and she was set free. Her signals had never been answered. Her agony and mystery no one can imagine. The unique power and tender love of her teacher must stand as one of the marvels of science and religion. It was the life of another that touched her, literally touched her and told her what water was, what an orange was, what the sun and summer were, what rain was, that revealed her world to her. When she had fallen and hurt herself, through these fingers of another came the message, "I love you," and with her fingers on his throat the child spelled out "And I love you." This is wonderful, but is not a greater work given to the teacher in relation to the immortal soul and spiritual things? This same personal power will accomplish the wonder of salvation and open blind eyes to visions of God and deaf ears to the forgiveness of Christ, and teach dumb lips to make the music of heaven. This is the greatest of all works and lies within the power of every Sunday-school teacher. This is the hour most golden in its possibilities among the young. The teacher holds the key to their hearts, it is the key of personal love and contact.



## CHAPTER V

### THE MISSIONARY'S MISSION

THE man who sits at home is not qualified to criticise the missionary only as he charges his own service with the same divine spirit; then geography does not prevent counsel and a word of warning. There is an idea prevalent in some of the missionary training schools, and in some of the missionary organizations at home and abroad, that this personal force does not count so much as some other things, and not so much as it once did. There are changing conditions and therefore changing methods. I have known young men preparing for this sacred work in the foreign field dream of preaching to eager listeners or teaching in schools, and not coming to the realization until it was wedded to disappointment that their greatest work must ever be done in the personal relation, and that the heathen especially were to be the fruit picked by hand and one by one. A most eminent missionary has recently said that he wanted no great preachers in his field; that was not the sort of missionaries who were needed in China. If he could find a man who could talk familiarly and face

to face with another man wherever he met him, he had work for that kind of man in China.

The biographies of the famous missionaries make it unmistakably true that their greatest power was in their personality, and that the center of that personality was the heart. The magnet to draw was not great intellectual ability nor even surprising news, but the love of one man's heart for another. There is no literature in all the world so instructive in this respect as the missionary literature, there is none so inspiring or uplifting along the line of personal work for Christ. We have not yet risen to the heights of Christian sacrifice in the surrender of money for evangelizing the world, but the next move is in the giving of vast sums of money for that purpose. Philanthropy and education have received their share and more. Now it is time that the money in the hands of Christian men be given into the missionary channels. This should have been first, and may the reversal of position only increase the offering. We will very soon see millions given in this direction; but Christian men must ever be mindful that money is not substituted for man in the kingdom of God, that personality is ever the great power, that duty cannot be changed into money, that even the gift of money does not relieve the burden of responsibility, that every man should have the missionary spirit and be engaged

in real missionary work at home and abroad. Neither must the missionary permit the thought to enter his heart that millions of money will accomplish the great result. The cry is heard too frequently already, "If we only had the money." All the money in the world cannot take the place of the human heart. It is only by this personal contact that any value is created in the money. We need great individuals on the continents and on the islands of the sea, a Judson and a Pattison and a Moffat and a Carey and a Martyn and an Egede and a Taylor, and men of their spirit and personality and heart method will regenerate the heathen world. We have in modern times made too much of the schools and educational features. While the value of these is beyond all estimate, it should not destroy the vision of real missionary power.

Many with whom I am personally acquainted have revealed to me the secret of their soul-winning success, while others have returned discouraged and disheartened. This is the secret: There is something in humanity everywhere which responds to the touch of another's heart; the touch is essential, the contact must be made in order to life-giving. I have been in many foreign lands unable to speak a word of the language, but always able to make friends. There is an unspoken language, there is a channel of sympathy; blessed is he who

finds his end of it. This is just as true and just as necessary in all mission work in this land and in our great cities. We have thought that feeding and clothing and educating people and even changing their environment would save them. The distant and wholesale method is a dismal failure. Even the extreme institutional church work has lost its grip if it ever had any. We may get at the soul through the body, but it is a great obstruction. There is an unseen and spiritual wireless telegraphy between the souls of men. There are mission workers who have never entered on their mission "to seek and to save the lost," by Christ's way of doing it. That touch of the Son of God was the greatest power in his life. Ask the leper and the lame and the blind and every man he met. To talk about Jesus personally is the great essential in modern missionary work everywhere.

At the beginning of my ministry I was working in a mission church in the heart of the mountains. Every Saturday and Monday I would ride eleven miles over the mountains in the stage built one hundred years ago. I sat always on the box with "Jim," the stage driver, for all these months. We were the best of friends, and I can hear his songs without music echoing in the mountains now. At last my mission was closed, and I had never thought of my most solemn duty in speaking to

him about his lost soul. Seventeen years afterward, and for the first time in all these years, I revisited the mountain mission and immediately asked for my old friend. I wanted to redeem my opportunity after seventeen years and ask him to come to my Christ. They told me that he was away up in the mountains beyond my reach in a little cabin dying, and possibly dead at that moment. Again and again my heart has ached over that sad neglect of my early ministry, but the later years have been made better because of this sorrow. Mission work here or in the heart of Africa is essentially personal work.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE HOME RESPONSIBILITY

THERE has been a marked tendency in recent years to lose the home influence in the work of bringing those within its circle to Christ. This is witnessed everywhere, and guilt is stamped upon the door-posts instead of the saving blood. The conditions of our modern civilization are against the best interests of home life. We have lost the cottage and taken the flat; we have lost the quiet and taken the confusion; we have lost the rest and taken the rush; we have lost the peace and taken the excitement; we have lost much of the personal element and entered the crowd. When we have lost the home we have not lost the heart, but the heart's center of activity and power. As a result of these and other modern circumstances, the spirit has been a growing one to delegate the religious education and the work of salvation to other agencies outside of the home. A few minutes in Sunday-school or an occasional church service has been deemed sufficient for this most important work. Even this is forced into a secondary place in Christian homes. Secular educa-

tion and the learning of some of the arts are considered of greater value and given ten-fold as much attention and time. Notwithstanding this slight touch upon the religious side of life there can be no shifting of responsibility from the shoulders of Christian parents and other members of the family. No man would wish to hold another responsible for loving his wife or his children. Responsibility clings to the individual soul with a deathless grip; there can be no duty in the Christian life which stands in front of the sacred obligation to go home to one's friends and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for him and is waiting to do for them. There is no place in all the world where this personal work can be done with so great an effect. Is there a place in the world where it is so sadly neglected? Sometimes it seems as if the last one we are willing and anxious to rescue from eternal death is the member of our own family. Christian parents who would not permit their children to go in ignorance of George Washington will allow them to remain in ignorance of Christ or any personal relation to him. The father who would not see his boy in peril without even giving life itself to save him, will see him stand on the edge of the precipice, hanging in the balance above the world of the lost, and will not rush to the rescue. A personal loving word from a tender heart would have saved many

a child who has died without hope. This heart contact in the right time and in the right way would have opened for them the gates of heaven. Parents are careless concerning the salvation of their children, the husband is careless concerning the salvation of the wife, and the wife is careless concerning the salvation of her husband, and children are careless concerning the salvation of parents, and brothers and sisters and relatives live without ever having spoken a word of warning and love. This is the place of greatest opportunity in the world to win souls for Christ. There is no force to compare with it; there is no other influence so irresistible. A sincere, sympathetic, and even sorrowful word spoken into the heart at home is the electric touch. A timely whisper of interest and the personal pleading of love is upon the border line of the miracle-working power. There is no command more necessary at this hour than that the followers of Christ should again hear him say, "Go home to thy friends."

There is a woman in this city who went to market, locking her children in their tenement. The building took fire, but the children were fastened in. The mother arrived and tore frantically at her clothing, but she had lost the key. When the fire was out and the walls were battered in, the children were found dead in the rubbish. Many a child is shut in to an infinitely worse fate by care-



less parents. To feed the children and to clothe them is the first thought, and often constitutes the whole circle of recognized duty and puts conscience to sleep. The market is the consideration, not the children's eternal safety.

Most of the great men in the kingdom of God were won to Christ by this love contact in the home. Dr. John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the South Sea Islands, describes the hour most important in his boyhood and ever afterward sacred in his memory when his father had bidden him good-bye at the gate and talked to him about Christ. He said:

I watched through blinding tears till his form faded from my gaze, and then hastening on my way vowed deeply and earnestly by the help of God to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonor such a father and mother as he had given me. The appearance of my father when we parted, his advice, prayers, and tears, the road, the dyke, the climbing up on it, and then walking away, head uncovered, I have often all through my life revived vividly before my mind, and it is now while I am writing as if it had been but an hour ago. In my early years particularly, when exposed to many temptations, his parting form rose before me as that of a guardian angel. It is not pharisaism, but deep gratitude which makes me here testify that the memory of that scene not only helped by God's grace to keep me pure from the

prevailing sins, but also stimulated me in all my studies, that I might have faith in all of his hopes and in all my greater duties that I might faithfully follow his shining example.

A boy recently came to make his confession of Christ and I said to him: "James, what brought you to your Saviour?" He replied, "A cigarette." I was startled at this reply, but he continued with an explanation: "I smoked my first cigarette. My father discovered the sin. I thought he was about to punish me and I trembled when he called me to him, but he took me alone in the room and placed his arm around me and talked with me about how bad the sin was and then concerning all my sin, and said there was only one way for me to be saved from it, and that was by giving my heart to Christ and having him help me, and oh, sir, I did it right there at my father's knee."

If Christian parents would only test this divine method and with the heart's deepest love perform this first duty of life large figures must at once enter the multiplier of the number who are being saved. The same is true of this unique and holy relation between all other members of the family; many are just waiting for this manifestation of personal interest, many others can be moved by its marvelous and almost magic force. I have known whole families to be brought to the Cross

by one member's obedience to the spirit of that cross, in bringing the touch of personal love upon each life in its turn. There can be no regret so freighted with sadness as this neglect until the opportunity is forever lost.

A certain man who was a Christian had an only brother who was not saved. He went to visit him on his death-bed and the dying man said to him, "I'm dying. I know that I am lost, but I can't help putting some of my ruin at your door. I believe you to be a Christian, but I don't recollect that you ever solemnly addressed me about my soul. You believed I was perishing and yet you didn't speak to me, therefore, as I cannot conceive you to be inhuman, for you were always a kind brother, I suspect you didn't believe as you say you do." His brother said: "I was afraid of offending you and I think I did speak to you once or twice." The brother replied: "You ought to have taken me by the shoulders, you ought not to have let me be lost. I can't acquit you, it is your guilt." As he listened to the charge every word seemed like a thorn piercing his very heart.

Oh, that the Christian world might be aroused to this tremendous responsibility and gather the unsaved ones out of the home into the kingdom of Christ before tears flood the casket and it is forever too late. Perhaps the word has been spoken and the personal interest revealed, and the heart-

touch failed and the limit of human power reached ; the divine Spirit is still in his world and prayer has not lost its grasp upon the promises of God.

A friend of mine has told me of the superintendent of a large manufacturing concern who was recently converted. He was a man of great physical power. When he was only sixteen years old he could push a plane all day without weariness, and when he was full-grown he boasted that he could lift one end of a long stick of timber with more men standing on it than any other carpenter in the country. He was not only a giant in strength, but a man of great energy. He was never quite satisfied with himself unless he had done the work of two days in one, but he was not a Christian ; he rarely, if ever, saw the inside of a church. He used his Sundays to map out his business plans for the week. Finally a series of religious meetings was held in his neighborhood. He was invited to attend, but made no response. He seemed to be entirely indifferent to spiritual things, but the meetings went on twice each day. He heard the sound of the church bell, that was all. Soon, however, he began to feel an unrest, which he could neither throw off nor explain. It disturbed him greatly. He rushed about the town as if the fate of the world hung on his movements. He was so obviously nervous that people were soon asking each other, "What is the matter with the

boss?" His mother was a Christian. She had lived her religion in the sight of her children from their childhood, and to whatever else the carpenter was indifferent, he never doubted the noble life of his consistent Christian mother. From day to day the weight on the man grew greater. His thought never once turned to the meetings, but always to his mother. She lived six miles away and one morning, hardly knowing why and without saying anything to anybody about it, he started for his old home. He could have reached it in an hour, but in his perplexity and distress he drove one way and another until in the afternoon, having driven twenty miles instead of six, at length the house was reached. He went softly in at the kitchen door, thinking he would surprise his mother. The room was vacant. He listened. Presently through an open door came the voice of prayer, and he heard his mother sobbing, and then he heard her say, "O God, save my boy and save him now!" The strong man dropped into a chair, great tears rolled down his cheeks. In a minute more the mother was kneeling beside him and in another moment the penitent was kneeling beside the Cross, and the mother's believing, urgent, God-compelling prayer was answered. Blessed is the discovery that at the end of human agency there is yet the Holy Spirit of God.

## CHAPTER VII

### FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN EVERYWHERE

**I**F personal work is the divine plan for saving men, and has been so signally crowned with success everywhere and in all time, why do not a greater number of Christians enter this gate of opportunity? Why has there not been greater service rendered in this particular way? Why has not its power been recognized and its privilege enjoyed? There may be manufactured answers for these interrogations, but there can be no reason furnished for the astonishing neglect. This is the hour when every Christian must be aroused to this individual relation to Christ's work, and the whole host of his followers brought into line with this coming movement. Every man in the shadow of the Cross must be made to feel his personal responsibility for his fellow-men. We evince our relation to Christ by this recognition of duty. Our brothers are in the home, but our brothers are everywhere in the world, in the store and in the factory and in the office and in the street and in society, and wherever man is found there is the relation of brotherhood. It will be a sad hour

when in the judgment day the charges are made against us that others worked by our side at the same bench, in the same store, and at the same desk, that they walked by our side and we talked about every other subject and the merest trifles and even wasted time and puzzled the brain for something to say, and never stopped to think about their soul's salvation. The first topic ought to be this, if faith is a reality and hypocrisy has no place in our lives. If our fellow-workman is to cut his hand we will leap to warn him of the falling knife, but if his soul is in peril we are too cowardly or too careless to speak the word of warning. Every day of life presents to us golden opportunities for this highest of all service, and each one of these days is past redemption. This is the work possible for all. It is not confined to ministers or office-holders, or to the church building or religious service. It is not conditioned by time nor by geography nor by special talent, it is for all men to bring their hearts in touch with other hearts and to speak personally with their fellow-men about Christ. The world is waiting and never so anxiously as now for this individual message of love, and the Christian church is waiting never so clearly as now for this individual loyalty. We are at the dawning of the day of personal evangelism, and every one is called of God. Amazement attends the discovery of what one consecrated soul

can do. Henry Drummond said he could hardly believe the record of his friend Moody, and then he gives this striking sketch of his remarkable career:

He is a widow's son. He is unschooled when he goes to Boston to begin his career at seventeen; refused entrance to the church because he does not understand what is involved; after six months is received; goes to Chicago at eighteen; hires four pews and fills them with strange young men; is refused a class in the Sunday-school because he cannot read well; finally obtains permission to found a class of his own; the next Sunday morning comes in triumphant followed by eighteen ragamuffins; rents a room on the north side; when he can't speak for himself commits the Bible to memory and recites it in the prayer meeting, for he is determined to speak; since he has no information of his own to give to the boys, reads from the writings of others; learns to pray by praying, learns to speak by speaking, learns to meet men by meeting them, and finally becomes one of the greatest forces for good in the nineteenth century.

This need not be so exceptional as it is. It should be so common in the experience of men as not to attract special attention. What has been done can be done. At least the same seed always produces a like harvest. The weakest and lowliest of Christians can be workers together with God, and make the very heavens to rejoice over their work in saving the lost. It has been said that



God was waiting to show what he could do with a thoroughly consecrated man, not an intellectual man, not a talented man, not a rich man, not a man of genius, but a man of devotion to the salvation of others. Here the highest and lowest in common service are both alike honored of God.

An unknown city missionary in London visited a tenement and there found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said: "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays for me and talks to me about Christ." "What is his name?" said the missionary. "I forget his name," replied the boy, "but he makes speeches in the parliament house." The missionary asked if his name was Mr. Gladstone. "Oh, yes," said the dying boy, "that is his name, Mr. Gladstone."

That touch upon one of the humblest of the human family was one of the brightest marks on the great man's record, which will cling longest to the memory and be most praised in heaven. The parliament speeches cannot be copied; this personal word for Christ can be and is his greatest eloquence. Every Christian everywhere should be aroused to this exalted position of privilege and power. If a church has five hundred members that pastor should have five hundred assistants in reaching the unsaved. What a center of light and

# "A Man Overboard"

life and love that pulpit would be. There is no other way to make the church a lighthouse or a life-saving station. Every man after another man will save the community and save the nation and save the world. No professing Christian is exempt from this obligation in the service of Christ. He must speak personally to other men and make his own heart the channel for divine truth and life. In this is the salvation of the church as well as of the world. Much effort has recently been made in the direction of educating the members of the church spiritually. There have been great gatherings and great addresses and great books and great prophecies, and nearly all have failed in accomplishing their purpose. Spiritual quickening and life is not only best evidenced, but is best cultivated by activity in saving men. The pendulum is now swinging this way, and both experience and wisdom are teaching the lesson. If you wish to arouse the sleeping crew of a slowly moving ship, shout with an agony of soul, "A man overboard! A man overboard! To the rescue!" A sleeping church is subject to the same change by the same method. The safest and speediest and securest way to educate the saints is to set them vigorously to work saving the sinners. Other spiritual life is volatile and mystical, if not hypocritical. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of life, and the spirit of Christ is the spirit of Calvary. If we loved

men as Christ loved them every man would seem to us like our brother, and how the anxiety would increase to rescue him! A ship's surgeon has told an exceedingly instructive experience. He said:

On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, and worked his hands and his feet. When they had done all they knew how to do I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away as I said to them, "I think you've done all you could," but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat, I bent over that boy, I blew in his nostrils, and breathed into his mouth, I turned him over and over and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four long hours I worked, until just at sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy.

But this passion for souls, which ought to be the controlling power of the Christian heart, should bring us into just this relation with every man and

into this undying anxiety to make him live. Every Christian ought to listen to the promptings of the Spirit of God and not hesitate to perform this sacred obligation.

A Christian gentleman stood by the side of his wife in front of the counter in a large store. He became impressed that he should speak to the young man who was waiting upon them about his relation to Christ. There was something in his look and manner that revealed a troubled, anxious heart, but the representative of Christ hesitated and hearkened to the ordinary suggestions of Satan that the place and time and circumstances were not convenient. He at last spoke to his wife and told her of his conviction. "Why," she said, "that is strange; he is nothing to you." "No," he said; "he is my brother, if I look at him through the eyes of Christ." "Well," she said, "I will not interfere, if you think you must; but he is a perfect stranger." In a few moments they left the store and left life's most important duty. "When I return for my package I will certainly speak to him and urge him to give his heart to Christ," he said. On returning they asked for him, and this was the heart-bruising and conscience-wrenching reply: "We had a tragedy here about an hour ago. Just after you left here he went into a side room, the sound of a revolver was heard, and he had shot himself. He is in the

room lying dead in his own blood now." This young man stood on the edge of eternity in awful peril, and the lost opportunity to save him was forever a lost opportunity. The stores and shops and schools and factories and all other places are the frequent scenes of just such tragedies as that. Opportunity gone and another soul lost!

The ideal is this personal work for others, and may God hasten its full realization in the churches and in the lives of men. Every Christian heart filled with this burning desire to save others would solve the problems and brighten the sky and hasten the King's coming. Make the truth personal. Plunge the question of duty into the depths of your own heart. Demand an honest and sincere answer. How many have you brought to the Saviour? How many lives have been touched by your personal interest? To whom have you whispered the deathless love of the Son of God? Mark each day of life with a deep black line in which you have lost the opportunity to speak the wonder-working word for Christ.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE WISDOM OF SOUL-WINNING

“**H**E that winneth souls is wise.” The highest wisdom finds here its manifestation. There can no achievement in human life surpass the saving of another life. Even the miracles of Christ are not so great in his own judgment as this work of his disciples. His relation to Lazarus is not so wonderful as Paul’s relation to the jailer, or Philip’s word to the Ethiopian treasurer. The kings of finance, or the literary giants, or the geniuses of invention have not anything to their credit in comparison with the soul-winner’s triumph. This is the greatest work in the world, because it has in it the greatest love for humanity, the greatest obedience to Christ, the greatest elevation of character and the greatest satisfaction of life.

Its love for humanity surpasses all other effort in that it strikes at man’s deepest need and is as lasting as eternity. Other agencies of blessing only touch the surface of life and are brief in their duration. The wonders of modern invention have revolutionized the world, commercially and almost every other way. The wizards of the telegraph

and telephone wire and battery and light and heat and power are benefactors of humanity. They are working toward human progress and comfort and civilization and brotherhood, but they do not run wires into the other world and connect spiritual batteries with the souls of men. There is a contact more vital and far-reaching than these physical forces. There is a point beyond the revolution of the systems and methods and circumstances of life. It is the point of regeneration, the giving of new life, and not only new life for the body and for time, but the very life of the soul and for eternity. This is the divine work in which the man who wins souls is engaged. He reveals his greater love for his fellow-men by this greater service in their behalf. That which is the most essential and most enduring must ever be reckoned as the most beneficial.

This is a humanitarian age, and an increasing love and sympathy is permeating society. There are sacrificial forces at work. There are great charitable organizations and gifts and magnificent educational institutions are richly endowed. There is large-hearted and large-brained provision for the poor and the infirm and the orphan. There is also a growing toward a personal relation to this needy part of the human family, and this is one of the brightest features in the present day charity. But notwithstanding this growth out of

Christian seed and soil there is a deeper need in the heart of man, and blessed is he who makes the discovery and brings the divine remedy. He loves his fellow-man most who does most for him, and the greatest work to be done for him is to personally clasp him by the hand and lead him to Christ and to heaven. All other effort pales into insignificance beside this touch of life. Parents love their children most who win them for the Saviour and friends love friends most who are anxious to continue this friendship into the eternities. Parental love almost always finds its limit of manifestation in the provision of food and clothing and shelter and sometimes a ruinous desire for education. But all this is fleeting and transient, all this belongs to the mortal, and love should not be satisfied until the immortal is cared for to the point of salvation.

The wisdom of soul-winning is also evidenced in the fact that it is the greatest obedience to Christ. It is his command, it is his spirit, it is his mission, it is his desire. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." "He saved others, himself he cannot save." His whole earthly life was crowded with that same saving touch and personal relation. He talked with Nicodemus and saved him. He led the woman of Samaria into the light. He spoke the word of life to the woman who was a sinner. He tried everywhere to bring



his own great heart over against the heart of another. This spirit of his is supposed to rule in the lives of his followers and his commands are supposed to receive implicit obedience. His sacred lips forced that mighty monosyllable into the soul of every Christian, "Go! go!"

This work of soul-winning carries with it the greatest possibility for the elevation of character. Not asceticism, but activity is the secret of growth in Christ and the knowledge of Christ. Not the monastery but the manufactory may be the place of the greatest advance in the Christian life. Not in the convent but in the church is the greatest opportunity for spiritual culture. We are in the world to save others, and by that very service we are bringing the best into our own lives. He helps himself most who helps another most. In spiritual exercise is the secret of strength. When one is actually engaged in personal work to rescue others, doubts vanish, sensitiveness disappears, self-consciousness is banished, envy is lost, jealousy takes to itself wings, and anxiety and dissatisfaction and unrest change into peace and quiet and calm. The noble elements of character rush into life along this pathway of personal work. The soul-winning ministers are freest from the common faults and sins of the ministry. They have no time nor inclination to be critical and jealous and self-seeking. The soul is enlarged the moment it

touches another soul. There is no power in the world so transforming in its work as this reflex action. "To save another is to save myself" ought to be burned into the Christian heart. The noblest characters of all centuries have ever been those engaged in fulfilling this mission of the Son of Man. If you want to become like Christ, do as he did. There is no other way, there is no magic or mystery or machinery about it; it is his spirit and his mind and his disposition in operation.

The winning of souls is the highest wisdom because it has in it the greatest satisfaction. Everywhere men are dissatisfied with life and its achievements. Dreams of satisfaction never come to reality along any other pathway. The goal is only reached in this hard work of going after the unsaved and bringing them to Christ. Even in the Christian ministry this is true, just as true as in other spheres of life. The soul will not be satisfied with secondary things. No bit of personal experience is more deeply imbedded in my heart than this. When thousands have been in the audience there came not the satisfaction that there ever did when in the side-room alone with one, hearts touched and tears mingled, prayer availed and the angels of God rejoiced. The highest satisfaction that clings to memory is the delight of bringing a soul to Christ.

They asked Lyman Beecher on his death-bed:

"You have known a great deal, tell us what is the greatest of all things." "It is not theology, it is not controversy, it is to save souls." Matthew Henry said when dying: "I would think it greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself." I would rather win one soul to Christ than be the ruler of an empire or the richest money king of the world, or to stand upon any other height, for this mountain of glory rises above them all and pierces the clouds and touches the very threshold of heaven.

An old legend runs after this fashion: "Make me a man," called the king to the artist, and he cut a superb figure from snowy marble and brought it to the palace. "It can't breathe," cried the king. "Make me a man," and again the artist made a figure of wax with rich color and the blood seemed almost coursing through the veins. "It is cold," cried the king. "Make me a man," and then the artist took a poor beggar from the street and cleansed and dressed him, and took him by the hand, led him to the king saying: "O king, I could not make a man myself, but here is one God made and whom I have found and saved." And the king said: "The man who saves is nearly like in greatness to the God who makes."

Stanley who had for many days struggled and battled against almost insurmountable difficulties in making his way through the forests of Africa in

search of Livingstone, at last with lightened heart saw in a valley a native village. Without the expectation that the great object of his search could be found there, he pushed his way on to that point. A black man suddenly appeared in the jungle and greeted the stranger with English words: "Good morning, sir." Stanley started and was almost stunned. "Good morning" in the heart of an African wild! "Who are you?" he asked. "I am Doctor Livingstone's servant." What an unspeakable thrill of joy entered the searcher's heart none can understand except the man who experienced the delight. "Is the Doctor in the village?" exclaimed Stanley. "Yes, Doctor Livingstone is there." He hastened on almost with wings, instead of feet, until he stood in front of the man he had come so far to find. A man clad in an old sailor's dress with the remnant of the gold tassel on his cap, bronzed and weather beaten, thin and pale and emaciated. Hardly able to control his feelings, Stanley lifted his pith helmet and said: "Is this Dr. Livingstone?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. It was all done, the object had been attained, the desire realized, and Stanley's most triumphant moment witnessed. But Livingstone finding one black man in the jungles of Africa, and saving him for Christ and eternity, possessed a deeper satisfaction than Stanley ever experienced in finding Livingstone.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE SECRET OF SOUL-WINNING

“CONVICTION” is the word which carries the secret of soul-winning. Any man who will give definition to that stupendous word and translate it into life, will make the discovery. The first step in the way which leads to another man’s salvation is conviction of the truth. This is the impulse which begins motion and resists friction. There must be belief in the truth and in the power of the truth. The elementary facts of the gospel must grip the soul of every earnest worker. He must believe in the fact of sin, its power and its penalty; the fact of God’s love and mercy and readiness to pardon; the fact of Christ’s life, sacrifice, and death as being essential and sufficient for the world’s redemption. He must recognize the truth of his fellow-men being eternally lost and in imminent peril. A belief in the atoning work of Christ and its effectiveness always precedes any strenuous and sincere effort to save others. The subjunctive mood kills, the indicative mood gives life. There is too much “if” in some theology, and this ever weakens effort and destroys activity.

When there is no hell for the sinner there is no personal work for the saint. There must be peril from which to rescue or there will be no effort, only the motion of mockery and hypocrisy. The doubters and the critics are never soul-saving individuals. The men who have wrought these wonders in the kingdom of God have been men of blood-earnestness and soul-conviction; they have also believed in the power of the truth to save men. They have tested the promise of God that the entrance of his word giveth light, that men are regenerated by the word of truth, that it is the truth which makes free. We have never understood the full meaning of these great revelations of God concerning the salvation of men. The word of God is waiting to be tried. Twice equipped is he who believes in the truth and in its power.

The secret is also in the conviction of duty. The use of the imperative mood is necessary, the listening for the commands of Christ in the spirit of obedience, the giving to duty its personal application, the understanding that Almighty God will hold a man responsible for this neglect. The general command must not remain with a general application. It is go ye into your world, your home and your store and your office and sphere of influence, and preach this gospel and lead each man there to Christ. There is no distinction in this between ministers and laymen, men and

women, missionaries and home workers, between Africa or America. The same spirit must rule everywhere. Geography does not change that. Duty is still in the Christian vocabulary, but I fear it has not yet even reached the dictionary. God hasten the day when it will often be seen in all the lines of life! Yours is a sacred obligation. You cannot shirk it, you ought not to shrink from it. May the Holy Spirit convict of the truth to bring every one who bears the name of Christ into this personal service.

The secret of soul-winning also carries with it an abiding conviction of the power of God. The great fact to reckon with in this work is the fact of the mission of the Holy Spirit and of his readiness and ability—always ready, perfectly able. As the discovery of the unseen force of electricity changed the modern world, so the discovery of this unseen but real power of God's Spirit would revolutionize the church of Christ. The mystery is no deeper and the truth is no less evident concerning the work of the Holy Spirit than it is concerning the work of Christ himself. If we take one fact and live by it we should grasp the other and live by that. As Christ came to be every man's Saviour, so the Holy Spirit can be every man's helper. Let the weakest of men come into the realization of this partnership with God in the business of saving others and new strength appears

at once in his life and new courage carries him onward in the path of duty. What seems impossible and is impossible for him to do alone, now the other with him can and will accomplish. When God is doing the work the rescue of any man in the world is a possibility and hope need never be driven back. By the side of the man deepest in sin and hardest of heart we need never despair. Power belongeth unto God. This is a wonderful conviction to get hold of one who undertakes this personal work for others. He is the agent and the mouthpiece whom the Divine Spirit is using. To go with God is to go anywhere and to any unsaved soul without fear or hesitation. The Holy Spirit alone can show man his sin and his need of a Saviour. They will look at you, but he turns them away to Christ. Do not wait for the understanding of this power. Believe it and use it. The promise of Divine aid is of brightest encouragement and of most certain victory.

There remains another conviction necessary to the understanding of this secret, the conviction of human power, the element of soul-contact in the world, that there is connection between one soul and another. Science has been discovering truth in mesmerism and magnetism and hypnotism, and various other revelations of the peculiar power which one person may have over another. The point of demonstration or explanation has not been



reached. But there is unquestioned truth in this relation of men, and it reveals a great sphere for future investigation and possible benefit. However this may be, it remains true that there is a personal power to be utilized in God's kingdom. What cannot apparently be accomplished without it is done with it. The conviction that this is my power and my fellow-man is waiting for its exercise will do much in pushing me toward him and in pushing him toward Christ. This personal factor finds its largest field and greatest possibilities here. The power to save is now in the earth, but the individual heart may be the channel necessary to its passing into the life of another. The heart is of first importance. Not only reason and truth and logic, but the world is dying for love. Everything else may be in readiness for the saving of some soul, and the one thing, the only thing lacking, is the human touch. Somebody is in sight of the very cross and just waiting for your hand and your life. Some one has said :

When Michael Angelo was overtaken with blindness he comforted himself by going daily to the room where was the *torso*. There the grand old man would put his hands upon the marble and feel over it while the solar light passed over his face. Lifting his eyes toward heaven, he would smile, even while his lips moved softly in prayer to the God of infinite beauty. But what is this

stone? The head is gone; so are the hands; and it is without feet. You can buy as large a piece of marble from the quarries of Ferrara for one *lire*; and yet Italy would not give up that piece of marble for a king's ransom. It seems that a great individual put his thought into the marble and made it think for him. Personal excellence in the man whose hand held the chisel lent value to marble that was valueless. For wealth is not in the raw material named marble, nor wood nor steel, but in the amount of soul that is put into the raw material. In London there is a bookshop called Quarritch's. There old rare books, first editions, are sold. The other day a little piece of faded blue paper was put up for sale. The paper was scarcely larger than this tiny sheet that I hold in my hand, and you can buy twenty-four sheets like this for five cents. Yet that single sheet was sold at Quarritch's for over two thousand seven hundred dollars. Now what was it that lent a value of two thousand seven hundred dollars to the sheet of paper that cost a cent? A great man put his soul into the paper and gave it value. One day a field daisy came to Robert Burns and besought him to bless it with immortality of sweet song, and the plow boy, who had been musing and dreaming and admiring, at length in an ecstasy of prayer fell upon his knees in the moist furrow and baptized the wee, crimson-tipped blossom, and now the little sheet of paper has a great value because an individual put his great soul into that work.

How much more wonderful, but just as real, is

the putting of life into the soul of another. When the great Paley was a boy and entered the university he was reckless in his life; so careless and sinful was he that he dropped from his classes and was almost driven from the college. One night, after a long debauch, a fellow-student sought him out, put his arm about him, and in tones of earnestness and affection said: "Paley, you are poor and can't afford to waste your time. You have great talents. I have but little talent and could not make much of myself if I tried; you could do anything you desire. I have made up my mind at whatever personal cost and risk to make you cease your present course of living." From that hour this son of leisure and wealth, even neglecting his own work, gave his unremitting attention to his fellow-student, and brought him through his university career, and by personal influence made him one of the greatest men and teachers and moral forces and Christian characters of the world. The bolt upon the door of every man's heart is of the same patent, and flies back at the same secret touch. What most Christian disciples need more than anything else is a conviction which has fastened itself upon them by a grip which will not lessen or loosen. The secret of soul-winning is largely in soul conviction.

John Vassar spoke to a lady in a hotel about her soul. Her husband came in a little later and

found her weeping in the parlor. On inquiring the cause he indignantly exclaimed: "I will let that man know that he is to mind his own business." "O husband," exclaimed the weeping woman, "if you had heard him you would have known that he was about his business." The recognition of his burning belief commanded respect and almost reverence.

In one of our cities recently when the family was at dinner in the evening, the upper portion of the house caught fire. They were all in the basement of the city home, which was crowded between the others on either side. When the fire was discovered the floors above them were all in flames. There was in the dining room an old-fashioned and valuable sideboard, a family heirloom. The father and son attempted to save it before the flames should reach them. The father in front of it and the son behind it quickly drew it to the door. It became wedged fast. They lifted and pulled and fought to get it through, but it only became more firmly fixed. The flames were now in the rear of the house, and there was no escape possible in that direction. The stairways were cut off and there was no way out there. The huge piece of furniture completely blocked the doorway, while the son was locked in with the flames roaring all about him. In the moment of extreme peril and the horror of the situation the

father, almost frantic, with superhuman strength grasped the iron bars imbedded in the stone frame of the dining-room window, and bent them double as he drew them from their fastening, and the hot flames leaped through the window after his boy.

A friend of mine used this as an illustration of a father's anxiety to save his boy and his conviction of the peril and his personal duty. He related it with marvelous effect in its relation to the negligence of Christian people. Another minister who heard it attempted to repeat it the next Sabbath in his own church, but there was no response on the part of his hearers, and no interest awakened in the incident or its application. Puzzled at the result, he asked his wife afterward to give the reason for such a failure. "Why," she replied, "my dear, you failed to state that the house was on fire."

If we are not convicted of the truth that souls are in imminent and eternal peril, there will be no special anxiety and heart-straining effort to save them. To break iron bars when there is no fire is ridiculous. The same is true of work for the unsaved. A deathless conviction must grip the soul.

## CHAPTER X

### THE ART OF SOUL-WINNING

IT is an art, the divinest art; it is worthy of most strenuous effort in its cultivation. To become skilled in soul-winning is the summit of all man's climbing. It is startling to behold the sacrifice which is made in the learning of the ordinary arts of life. They demand it and are increasing their demands. Years of time and concentration of attention and treasuring of talent and unending devotion are witnessed everywhere in the school of art or music or any of the departments of life. When it has been asserted without contradiction that there is an art in soul-winning, the duty is plain and laid within the doorway of every Christian heart. We ought "to study to show ourselves approved of God, workmen that need not be ashamed." It requires the greatest skill and the most tactful tact to be successful as a fisher of men. One must study Christ and study himself and study other men who would be a good learner in this school of art, and become adept in this supreme calling.

To discover how the great Teacher did it is the

first lesson, and blessed is he who does not hasten, but learns it well. His relation to Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria and every other individual, was the word and the work of a master. How surprisingly skillful he ever made his approach and conducted his plan and accomplished his purpose. In no other part of Christ's life is there so great instruction for individual workers as in his own personal relation to individuals.

The successful soul-winner will also be courageous and wise in finding out his own weak points and his own strength. The qualities in him which may offend or repulse must be guarded and controlled, and as rapidly and completely as possible destroyed. He may be brusque in manner, quick in temper, loud in speech, and in a variety of ways stand in peril of injuring instead of blessing. To "know thyself" is wisdom in this most delicate task of life. He who is most anxious to save others will study human nature and learn to read character and at a glance discover disposition. No two persons in the family of millions are just alike, and no two can be approached and helped in precisely the same manner. The method must be adapted to the man. To win him for Christ demands the most careful preparation and the best understanding of his nature. Christ used a very apt and instructive illustration when he called his disciples to follow him and become fishers of men.

At the bank of the stream or at the shore of the lake is seen the extreme of tact and skill as the fisherman plies his art. How patient, how quiet, how careful, how watchful, how anxious, how like an artist in every move. So must the fishers of men use the utmost care and tact and skill and genius in their art. He can be under the instruction of a Teacher who never fails in the lesson if he has a surrendered learner. To be taught by the Holy Spirit is to become skilled in the art of personal work for others. He is in the world not only to tell men what to do but how to do it. The heart must be both receptive and responsive in relation to the Holy Spirit. Without him the work will ever be a failure, for it is his mission to convict of sin and to reveal God's love to the sinner. We are simply to be his agents. We must be controlled by his influence and his purpose and be absolutely consecrated to his work. Our own hearts must be pure and our own lives right first. There is no substitute for this requisite. To bring another to Christ we must stand close by the side of Christ ourselves. The heart should be receptive to the indwelling of the Holy Spirit before the lessons can be taught; every sinful thought and desire cast out, every selfish purpose made to give way, everything kept secondary to this golden thread of personal effort for the lost running through all life. "The passion for souls" ought



to be a holy flame, burning out all impurities and dross and conditions which would make the Spirit of God unwelcome.

I know an evangelist who has lost his art by a growing hunger for money. I know another who is almost a castaway because of his uncontrolled ambition. I know another whose self-conceit and pride have killed his recent efforts. I know a minister of Christ whose deacons said they could not believe him under oath, and he is not noted for the number saved through his personal influence. I know another minister who has driven the Holy Spirit out of his life by a growing disposition to jealousy and envy. I know another who is known for his selfishness, but not known for his soul-winning. I know myself well enough to pray night and day, "Create within me a clean heart, O God." This first requirement must be heroically met. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall serve God," is as true as that they shall see him. The pessimistic spirit never wins men, the sour spirit never wins men, the selfish spirit never wins men, the critical spirit never wins men. Any spirit in opposition to the nature of the Holy Spirit repulses men. Other souls are sensitive and quick to detect the slightest defect, and the Holy Spirit is sensitive to the least wrong, and is easily grieved. After the prayer, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within

me," there follows the expected statement that "then sinners shall be converted unto thee."

The divine Teacher must not only be received with open and pure heart, but be listened to with promptest, most obedient attention. A responsive heart to this voice of God is the soul-saving agency. He suggests the one to whom we should speak, and he opens the way and he gives the message. When convinced that we should perform this sacred duty, we should begin to pray for his guidance and to believe that he will give the right word at the right time and in the right way. A pure soul waiting for the suggestions of the Holy Spirit is the mightiest human power in the kingdom of Christ. This is within the possibility of any Christian who will fulfill the conditions. I have witnessed the most unlikely persons become wonders in leading others to the divine Saviour. This is the art that every consecrated Christian can learn and should learn. Here is the gateway into the largest opportunity and the very best of life. The artist in winning souls is he who makes less of himself and more of the Spirit of God. The fisherman successful in "the gentle art of fishing" creeps softly to the edge of the stream and keeps himself out of sight, while he follows his fascinating sport. Keep out of sight yourself and give the Spirit of God the right of way, then it may be only a question, a hand clasp, a look, and the

saving work is done. Wait not for opportunity; make opportunity. Wait only for the Spirit of God. Practice makes perfect in this as in every other art. Begin the practice at once, and with the man next to you; he may even live in your house.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE REWARD OF SOUL-WINNING

THE thought of reward is not beneath Christian ambition. It is a worthy desire. It even rested in the heart of Christ. One of the most striking and service-compelling promises in the Bible is that unique and emphatic one relating to the distinctive work of winning souls. Inspiration swept the very heavens and searched the universe of God to find the wonderful description of this divine appreciation: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever," is the bright and glorious prospect ahead of this personal worker for the salvation of his fellow-men. Everything else seems to lose significance in comparison with the reward for this life of surrender and sacrifice to bring others to their Saviour. Its reality and eternity ought to drive every earnest soul out into the highways and hedges to compel them to come into the Father's home and back to the Father's heart. The satisfaction of saving a soul may be sufficient reward, but there is an additional element which waits for the light of heaven and the unending years. It is perfectly human, it

is sanctioned by every mark of the divine upon us to look forward to the complete appreciation of life's highest purpose, life's holiest service. Who has not in his best moments and with a drop of joy from the fountains of God on his lips here wondered about the fulfillment of these sacred lines, and the literal being substituted for the figurative, and the soul-winner shining in the reflected light of the Son of God; as the stars shine by reflected light, so he who has shared in the redemptive work of Christ shall shine in the heavenly glory of Christ.

The reward of soul-winning is eternal in its recognition. It shall bear its distinctive stamp and shall be known for ever and ever. The achievements of time which are commanding the attention and strength of men are all so transitory, a whole life given to secure a flower which blossoms on the edge of the grave and withers at the touch; all effort and talent centered on a jewel which must be secured at any cost, and when at last the hand holds it it has only the sparkle and vanity of a dew-drop. Tremendous struggles are made in this world to secure the rewards which are so fleeting and so unsatisfactory. Only that which is marked as eternal is a prize worthy of man's greatness and toil. He is wise who comes in touch with eternity and in tune with the infinite. He is wise who secures the best in this unending life, for there is ■

good and there is a best; there is a superlative degree.

There is other service besides this direct work of soul-winning which will have its reward. Even the drop of water given in the name of Christ shall not lose its divine approval, but the effort which lies nearest to the heart of Christ and nearest to the intention of his cross must be this personal blood-letting work for the lost souls for whom he died. They who do this shall bear their own mark and be surrounded with a halo of glory and known by the angels and the redeemed throughout eternity.

This reward will also be eternal in its joy. To bring a soul to Christ is to know something of heaven's joy here on earth. It is to experience a fragment of the upper world while yet outside the gate. This foretaste will then come to its complete and everlasting experience. It will be increased in heaven to the point of perfection and endurance. The purest joy known in the world is the heart's thrill and rapture over the consciousness of having led a soul into the life and light and liberty of Christ. It is distinguished from all other happiness and satisfaction. It stands alone and invites every Christian to come to the realization of the best that there is in life. The explanation of it would be mystery, for no man knows the depths of this experience until he has made it per-

sonal. It is a personal work and it has a personal reward. There are other joys in heaven, but there is one fountain from which only one class of the inhabitants ever drink. We make our heaven here upon earth. This part of it is also made here. There must be preparation for enjoyment. This preparation is also essential. What rapture there must be waiting for the one who meets in glory the soul whom he rescued and led to the portals! That heart-thrill will be envied by every angel before the throne of God. More than this will be realized when the exposition is made and continuously made of the host of others who were brought to heaven because this one was saved. The surprises and meetings will go on for ever and ever, and new revelations be made of the result of saving this one soul. No mathematics or imagination can measure this result or its accompanying joy.

The reward of soul-winning is eternal in its appreciation and gratitude. Ingratitude is an earthly sting so often entering the heart. The best intent and best service is often unappreciated. Even gratitude is temporary and loses quickly its flavor and fragrance, but the brightness of our heavenly life will be increased by the gratitude and appreciation of those who were brought into the kingdom. For ever they will be telling of what we did, and how thankful they are that we whispered the word of warning to them.

A noble specimen of Christian manhood has brought to me each week in his own hand a large bouquet of flowers. He has brought them for five long years without an exception. They constantly repeat the story of his heart's affection for me and appreciation of my bringing him to Christ. He says this must keep on forever or some token like it, for he can never thank me enough. Knowing what I do now, I would give a life to speak that one word. It will be a large part of my heaven if he picks flowers from the gardens of God and brings them to me. The sweetest music in the everlasting palaces will be these expressions of gratitude for personal service rendered by the fidelity of Christian hearts. The most beautiful jewels in that city will be the jewels of redeemed souls brought to Christ by this personal effort. If we could see through the mists and the dividing wall, our vision would behold the boy telling his father of the best thing he ever did for him, and the mother listening to the same sweet story from her saved child, a brother thanking the sister for her persistency and prayer, and the husband telling the wife of the moment of her most triumphant love when she pleaded with him to come to Christ, and the Sunday-school teacher hearing her scholar speak of that eventful moment which turned the life toward God, and the missionary meeting one of his converts on the streets of heaven, changed



but known, and the minister receiving the reward, not of eloquence or literary genius, but hearing the gratitude of the souls whom he personally brought face to face with Christ.

This will be heaven. What greater heaven can there be? This is the highest ideal of life. What grander can there be? "To turn many to righteousness and to shine as the stars forever and ever."

If grief in heaven could find a place,  
Or shame the worshiper bow down  
Who meets the Saviour face to face,  
T'would be to wear a starless crown,

Nor find in all that countless host  
That meets before the eternal throne,  
Who like us were sinners lost,  
Any to say we led them home.











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